For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our farther pleaſure in this caſe:
To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mount. Who ſet this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his ſword prepard,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſt him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchanging thruſt and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt Sunne.
Peerde forth the Golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind draue mee to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Syramour,
That Weſtward rooteth from this City ſide:
So early walking did I ſee your ſonne,
Towards him I made, but hee was ware of mee,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found:
Being one to many by my weary ſelfe,
Purſued my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunned, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings dewe,
Adding to cloudes, more clouds with his deepe ſighes,

But all ſo ſoone as the all cheering Sunn
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw
The ſhadie curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauy
And priuate in his Chamber pennes him
Shuts vp his windowes, locks faire day
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night,
Blacke and protendous muſt this humou
Vnleſſe good Counſell may the cauſe rem
Ben. My noble vncle doe you know
Moun. I neither know it, nor can lea
Ben. Haue you importunde him by a
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many oth
But hee his owne affections Counſeller,
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouery.
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme
Ere hee can ſpread his ſweete leaues to th
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſo
We would as willingly giue cure, as kno

Enter Romeo.

Benu. See where hee comes, ſo pleaſe
Ile know his greeuance or bee much den
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy b
To heare true ſhrift, come Madam lets aw

Benuol. Good morrow Couſin.
Romeo. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Romeo. Ay me ſad houres ſeeme long.
Was that my father that went hence ſo fa
Ben. It was: what ſadneſſe lengthens
Rom. Not hauing that, which hauing
Ben. In loue.
Romeo. Out.
Ben. Of loue.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25)